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The Mitten (Guilt)

Tricia Cimera

When I was little,
I lost a mitten;
blue wool-lined,
scratchy as steel-wool.
My mother was angry—
why was I always so careless?
We searched the snowy streets
for a long time
but the mitten stayed hidden.

I'm sorry, mother.

Today, a hot day,
years later,
in another country,
the mitten reappears
on a dusty road.

I pick it up;
blue wool-lined.

I see it's mine—
my name is stitched inside
in familiar lettering.

I look up at the sky.

It begins to snow.

The mitten fits my hand
perfectly.

It's found me.

The snow blows coldly.

Mother?